THE HUMORS OF THE HOUR.

SOME OF THE AMUSING AND CHEERFUL REFLECTIONS OF OUR PORTS AND PHILOSOPPERS.

Justice in its Celebrated Lightning Change Act, with Hone and Drince.

The Poet was walking through Washington Park the other day, with his head in the empyrean poking around among the stars, when he was recalled precipitately to earth by a wild whoop. He looked around and saw two policemen dragging a fractious drunken woman toward the Sixth avenue. He followed her, and saw her taken into the southern portal of a turriculated structure on the eastern border of Greenwich village. The Poet passed into the same building by an arched entrance facing the Sixth avenue. He sat among throng of folks of several colors and many conditions and looked about him. He was in the auditorium of a spacious court room. A little man with a high, protuberant forehead, which looked as if it ought to be filled with thought, sat behind an iron-railed platform at an elevated desk. His chestnut curls fell in picturesque confusion around his ears, which were of the normal size. The shadow of a melancholy smile, maybe an unpalatable one he had taken that morning. ld be half seen lurking under his tawny. flowing moustache. The little man dreamy air that made the Poet suspect that he, the Post, was in the ennobling presence of a w-climber of the heights of Parnassus. Subsequent proceedings showed the Poet that

he was not mistaken.

The little man startled the Poet, who was just about to begin his 10 o'clock reverse, by remarking in a reverberant, sub-cellar tone: Next!

remarking is a reverperant, sub-cellar tone:

"Next!"

The woman who had dispelled the poet's dream in the park was assisted to the railing.

"Ah," said the little man, "another votaly of Baochus. You had a merry, a merry, merry time while it lasted, Lizzie Murphy." The little man paused and reflectingly rested the starboard side of his bulgring forehead on his right forefinger. "Methinks I see you in your maidenly prime drinking with the man who helped you to this. It was ambrosis that alipped down your throbbing throat then. Here the little man's face became illumined with celestial light, and there flowed from under his tawny moustache this bacchanalian lament:

We laughed, and quaffed together. The bubble-crested wine.

The bubble-created wine,
And lighter than a feather
Were his young heart and mine,
And little cared we whether
Twas fire or stormy weather
As we laughed, and quaffed together
The bubble-created wine.

don't drink nothin' but beer, and never Judge. What are yer givin' me? As you at say if you were in my place, Judge; "I think if I'd drink beer less,

nd maybe not so keerless About the fit of my clothes!" "You seem to have wood the muses your-self Listie. That last line limps a little. Now tell me who was Bacchus?"
"That's an easy one. Backus—we used to call him Charley when we went to the ministrets in the rosy eesson peerless—was Billy Birch's pardner in de burnt-cork business."
"Away with her!

"For ignorance so opaque
There can be no apology,
One cycle you may take
To study up mythology."

'Next!" "Next!"
A rusty-looking, blear-eyed man steadled himself on the railing and gazed pathetically into the little man's face.
"You were found lying in the gutter drunk last night. Mr. Marlinspike. What do you do for a liting?"

"You were found lying in the gutter drunk last night, Mr. Marlinsolke. What do you do for a living?"

"I'm a sailor, your Honor."

"A sailor, et? Can you box the compass. Marquis of Queenaberry rules? Shiver my timbers, my blooming barnacle, I've been a sailor myself. Many's the time I have lain on the three-quarter deck, wrapped in the main sheet, and gazed at the summer stara."

The little man got up, gave his trousers a mantical hitch, and inquired of the prisoner:

"What ship do you belong to?"

"The Penelope."

"Why, that's the graft I made my first yoy-

"The Penelope."
Why, that's the craft I made my first voyage in. Well I remember it, for we had a most tempestuous time." The little man executed a few steps of a hornpipe, and warbled thus:

Madly we sailed, 'seath a midstight sky.
Over billows of brine-sprinkled spune;
We'd naught to make our reckening by
Save the light of the spinnaker boom!
Bing Yo, ye ho, high, jack and low,
And let the binnacle halyards go!

Up spoke our Captain right gailanties,
As we fetched the brave ship through her trial:
"Boys, will ve splice the main brace with me?"
And we softly remarked. "We should smile;"
fing Yo, ye bo, high, Jack and low,
And the smile we took made our innards giew.

When the little man finished his song he no-ticed that the sailor was dancing. A frown as full of corrugations as a washboard mantied the little man's massive Grecian brow, and he thundered:

the little man's massive Grecian brow, and he thundered:

"Have you no respect for the dignity of the Court? Six months on the Island to learn navigation at Hell Gate! Next!"

A gray-haired wreck shuffled up to the railing and murmured in a feeble voice: "Don't be hard on me. Judge: I'm an old soldier."

The little man's frown relaxed. Among the multitudinous occupations he had followed, this was the one he appeared to like best. I'm something of a military man myself. Have you any knowledge of the tactics of war?"

"Well. Colonel. I was three years in the army: I ought to have."

"Don't address me as Colonel. I never was a Colonel, although I lived some time in Kentucky. I never rose higher than a Sergeant—a Sergeant—at-Arms." The little man reached over his desk, took a policeman's club from its belt, and marching up and down with the stick at order arms, sanc. to the accompaniment of Milly Morgan's whistle:

You'll find bim where speeches infernal

You'll find blm where speeches infernal Ring out their unceasing alarms— Ch, soft is the let of a Colonel To that of a bergeant at Arma

He wieldeth an influence mystic When unneemly talk grows apace; And though he is not bugilistic. He knocks out his foes with a mace.

The prisoner smiled at the little man's pun ad again pleaded: "Don't be too hard on an

The prisoner smilled at the little man's pun and again pleaded: "Don't be too hard on an old soldier." Well, I will not. Do you understand the manual of arms?", "Yes, Sergeant." "About face I Forward, march!" As the happy old fellow shuffled away a shrill woice in the rear of the court framed this word: "Chestnut!"

It was the voice of the poet, who woke up just in time to hear the Little Judge get off the moss-covered jest with which he has convulsed audiences of sympathetic growler workers for the last decade. A policeman put the poet out. He was already much put out to think that his experience in court was a mere fiction of his drowsy brain.

The Shop Girls of New York-Who Can Match Them! Aren't They Nice!

Have you noticed, have you studied. The shop girls of New York,
Their plump cheeks with fresh air ruddled,
Trooping briskly to their work?
Oh. my stars, and do you meet 'em—
These sweet shop girls every eve—

Blithely chirping, none can beat 'em Side by side and sleeve to sleeve? Listem to them, passing by, Chatting as they catch your eye.

"Why, he's crazy after Nollie-" "Then I'm going to cut it bias ..."
"Valvet puffing would be jolly,"
"He's the notion clerk at Meyer's."

Mand and Kit, and Nell and Alice-Can't be matched in flat or passes.

Not by proudest bells or dame; Can't be matched for style or beauty

Nor for dancing. As for duty-They've good mothers every one. Listen to them in the shop, Softly whisper'd words they drop. "Alu't be handsome ?" "Edith's get him; That's the counter get's the men. "Hush! the manager he heard you." "See the dads with Nellie Wren."

Oh, the witching, merry creatures!
I'm enamored of them all.

Mov they shame the prim school teachers, Make the runtic lesses pall. They're mere human than the beauties, In swell pariors, that one meets.

Sothing more I ask than leave to

Brush among them on the streets.

By herself a shop girl 's shy;

Boldness comes with others nigh. "You go 'way! I think he's lovely."
"What, Neil alone! Where 'n earth 's Pat!" "She fined 'em for talking. Ain's she herrid ?"

row I'll wear my Langury hat."

That policemen stir their little heart And of sinng that they make use ? Tall slang is music on their lips, And as for the police, Brass buttons e'er will haven make Till hearts to beat shall cease. Criticise them if you will;

I'll be their admirer still. "Cash! Cash! Come, don't move so slow."
"Don't make a face at me (I'll slap you, 48)." "Who was telling Mary that Susie shook her bean Look at Annie Rijey; her bustle's big as mine."

Here they come—a lovely crowd. Merry chat their thoughts engressing; Note them all, some shy, some preud; Budding beauty, bursting riponess. Biack eyes, blue and gray and brown-

Oh! I never tire of praising
All the shop girls of this town.

Not a Close Belation. Somebody told a reporter of THE SUN that no true Irishman ever gives a direct answer to a question if he can help it. The reporter was then in an up-town restaurant kept by a man named Coogan. He called the waiter, and this named Coogan. He called the waiter, and this is what followed:
"Pat, is that Coogan who ran for Mayor any relation to the Coogan who keeps this place?"
"Well, sor," said Fat, "only be the two of them having the wan name."

Other Folks' Children Need Training. "Thunder and Mars!" shouted the artist, as his work was disturbed. "Bridget, get me a pail of water. I'll throw it out on those children on that tin roof if I go to jall for it. They

will drive me mad."
"Sure, sorr, I'll call in your little boy if he annyes ya. He's only playing with a tin pail and a hammer."

"Oh, it's little Bob," is it?" said the srtist,
"See that he is covered up warmly, Bridget,
and let him keep cut while he's having fun;
but if those other children that make such a
racket go out there, call intie Bob in and get
me a pail of water."

The Awful Ups and Prightful Downs of a Young Western City.

About six months ago an ambitious young Dakota city, that had been in existence a little more than a month, had the misfortune to be completely wiped out by flames. It had been built of wood and run as a general grocery and liquor store. The population only escaped with his life, but was not discouraged, for at the end of two weeks he had erected a brand new city. The day after it was finished a thin stream of immigration flowed in, which increased the population to such an extent that, had a census of the city been taken, it would be found to have just doubled. Before a month had elapsed this large addition had erected, in the local style of architecture, a building, where he began business as a real estate agent. In the course of another month the town advanced with such marvellously rapid strides that it contained, besides the house property, about 3,500 valuable building lots, and sites for a City Hall, a public library, and thirteen theatres.

Shortly afterward, however, its further progress received a temporary check in consequence of another misfortune that befell it. The entire city was convulsed by the excitement engendered by an election that was being held to decide which half of its population should hold the high and important office of Mayor, when a young cyclone which happened to be passing that way, accidently came into collision with it. The lots miraculously escaped without the least injury or the slightest depreciation in value, but the house property was not so fortunate, for when found next week in an adjoining State, the buildings were so badly in want of repair as to look hardly fit for human pair as to look hardly fit for human habitation. For their residences and places of business to be swept away in that sudden manner was, of course, extremely discouraging to such a patriotic body of citizens, especially as the man upon whose land their property had strayed demanded the prompt payment of an exhorbitant ground rent. As the removal of the buildings back to the lots was far too expensive an undertaking, and as even modern engineering science was not sufficiently advanced to make it possible to transport the lots to the buildings, it was evident that either one or the other would have to be forfeited.

At a mass meeting of all the citizens it was determined, amid much enthusiasm, to hold on to the lots and rebuild the town with fresh material and of greater architectural splendor than before. determined. amid much enthusiasm, to noid on to the lois and rebuild the town with fresh material and of greater architectural splendor than before.

In pursuance of this spirited determination, the pertion of the inhabitants engaged in the real estate business was busy next day digging a post hole, when he happened to turn up an old sardine can that had probably been left behind by a party of soldiers who at one time had camped on that spot. The results of this find has since proved it to have been a very fortunate one for the young community, as another week had scarcely gone by when almost every newspaper in Dakota published long and eloquent articles describtive of the new rich tin mine discovered in the Territory. The city of course at once sustained a mighty boom, a majority of the boomers belonging to the mining class. In a few weeks more a newspaper was started, which at once jumped into popular favor and obtained a bona fide circulation of seventy-live copies a week by printing a series of brilliantly written articles entitled "Hecollections of our Early Ploneers." The earliest of the ploneers had about this time attained the height of his ambition by his election to the head of the municipal Government, but hardly had he held the reins of power and enjoyed the sweets of office a week when the enterprising journal just referred to instigated by the head of the real estate interest, made a typographical error which caused him to say that he would heavily fine any saloon keeper he caught selling liquor to miners. In less than twenty-four hours after the paper containing his item had appeared the public career of his honor was at an end, for, arrayed in a closely fitting, home-made coat of tar and feathers, he had resigned the honored post to which he had been elevated and retired into the seclusion of private life.

The latost intelligence at hand from the young and now prosperous city is that a greater boom than ever is expected shortly to strike it, for it appears that a week ago a man strolling down o

An Important Omission.

Said the retired city man in the country to his little nephew, who had come in with his coat ripped up the back and his hat missing: 'I told you what to do if the bull chased you. I told you that Gordon Cummings, the African hunter, says that when chased by a savage animal all you need to do is to turn your back to it, stoop over, and regard the beast from be-tween your knees. It will then flee in terror from you."

"Did you tell the buil that?"
"Tell the buil! You greeny, of course not."
"I thought not, Well, you see the buil wasn't onto the racket."

Told by the German Barber-His Assistant Makes an After-election Mistake.

Vhere is my assisdant? Vot, der young feller by der next'shair? He is staying by der bed dinking a heab abowd vedder he shall die or vedder he shall git veil, alretty.

You see, he heard me say dot no matter how hot dings might be in election dimes so soon when der election was settled nopoddy cares anyding more about it. He also heard me say dot two men vich fight like cats and dogs, all der vhile before election, choost laugh over der whole peozness vhen der üght is ofer. So he dinks he vill see how dot is. Unfortunately, circumstances alter cases, and vot is der druth by von blace is not drue arount der corner, aind it? But dot young feller aind got sense

enough to come in der rain owd.

He dinks he vill see abowd vot I say und se he maker some funny beezness mit a vid Irish-man—von of der kind vot trinks plood before preakfast and eads life for dree meals a day, "Say, Pat," says der young feller; "dat's all right abowd flewitt now, alm it?" "Fwhat's all right about flewitt?" says der

"Fwhat's all right about der Irish Irishman.
"Vhy, he done choost right about der Irish flags, sh? Who der teffil cares if he puts der Irish flag on der roof or if he makes fires mit it by der City Hall stofe, ain't it, sh?"
Dot Irishman chumped der chair oud, like der vay der Demograts vill glimb out from der offices by der fourt of March. He vas mad like a vild beast.

offices by der fourt of March. He vas mad like a vild beast.

"Thunder and Mars!" der Irishman ye'led,
"Wait till I eatch that Dosch divi!—" und be ran der shop righd avay owd after der young felier, which also vos glimbing der sissirs up into der street. Bot grazy Irishman caught der boy und kieked him agross Fourt avenue, und den kieked him best vonce more again, und back und agross again, und to und fro. till fife bolicemen helt him down und sat on him alretty.

Jechossphat!" says det Irishmana. It's bad enough that a gintleman must have Chinase to d up his laundhery and Ere-tallants to wait on him while he ages and limburger.

Destehmen to isther and shave him to be

sowl, widout him having to shtand shtill and take the slack of a Dootch barber's tongue."

Der young feller vos daken up by der inside of a ciothes pasket, und der different barrs of him vos put togedder in his bed, where he stays a couple months, und dinks abowd serious dings fer young in his life dime, aint it?

And the Sisters of Other

It May Come True. From the Pittsburgh Disputs.

The popular curiosity in New York State as to the new method of executing murderers by electricity may be expected to result in some such scene as that described by anticipation below.

below.

Foreman of the Jury (coming into court with the verdict)—We find the defendant guilty of murder in the first degree.

Judge—Gentlemen, I am very much surprised at your verdict. I particularly instructed you that the grade of the prisoner's crime could not be set higher than mansistuchter.

Foreman (apologatically)—Well, your Honor, we remembered that, but the new law must be tested some time, and—

Strategy Better than Ferce.

A fearful riot of the students arises in a German town, and no one, not even the best-liked tutor, is able to pacify them, till a professor hiring a barouche, takes in all the master tailors of the city and drives them through the campus, when the mob disperses as by magic

The Post Contemplates the Speciacle In their rubbers and galoshes, In their wind-waved machintoshes

Their umbreiles dripping floods upon the heads of Bo The female veters rallied. Not a mother's daughter dailled; They came up wet but dauntless siraight to the pol

Stately maidens, aged larses Gilttered chilly through their glasses. the tickets most severely, never passed the time of day; Tighter drew their chest protectors.

Grimly glared at the inspectors, Brandished their umbrellas proudly, grandly, coldin stalked away. Not a one of them that wondered

If maynap she hadn't blundered, f her vote was transcendentally right, beyond disput Yet as home they were returning

With their newest triumph burning. How many dozen of them knew what was the fight about Happy matrons, wiscut lasses, Better than the Bronning classes, The clinic of the mind cure, or the esotaric zoni feeds,

It is to be a voter. A civilization motor,

A citoyenne of Boston where o'er the codfish broods!

The Parsuit of a Nickel Brought Both Down to the Same Level. On Sunday evening a fat, purple-veined tramp climbed the stairs to a station of the elevated road and produced a ten-cent piece, which he poked in the ticket seller's window. The ticket seller handed out a ticket and a nickel. The tramp continued his one-sided conversation, and, after several efforts, succeeded in

grasping the ticket. The nickel evaded him. He poked and clutched at it several times. At last it fell and rolled over the platform. The tramp audibly consulted with himself about what he should do, and then, bending down, began a slow search.

While he was sollloquizing and searching.

servant girl, who had been spending her Sunday off with some down-town friends, came to the window. She wore a red hat with a bluebird, and a yellow dress with slashings of green and red. On her hands were pale yellow gloves, tightly buttoned and filled with flesh and bone almost to the bursting. She, too, handed a ten-cent piece to the ticket seller. She got a ticket and a nickel. The ticket she managed to grasp by pulling it to the end of the counter, but the nickel evaded her. She was not used to tight gloves, and her fingers, encased in yellow kid, were not adroit. As she tried to grasp the servant girl, who had been spending her Sunday pulling it to fine and of the counter, but the nickel evaded her. She was not used to tight gloves, and her fingers, encased in yellow kid, were not adroit. As she tried to grasp the nickel her face became redder and redder than the hat and the elashing of her gown. She tried to get the nickel, as she had grasped the ticket, by pushing it to the edge, but it toppled off and rolled over toward the tramp, who was still collicquizing and searching. After a pause, in which the girl's face became more violently red, she stooped down as well as her tight-fitting dress would permit and reached for the nickel. Her face came near the tramp. He turned and, seeing her countenance but a foor or two from his own, looked at her with an expression of deep sympathy and complete understanding. For a moment he stooped talking to himself, and with a kind air consolingly said: "You and me's alike, ain't we, hey?"

The Ambition of the Hon. Timothy J. Camp bell Beturns to Its First Love.

The Hon. Timothy J. Campbell announced in his usual perspicuous way at the Hoffman House the other evening what his intention were after his term in Congress had expired. He was standing with a party of friends in the art gallery looking at the pictures. One of his friends came up to him and said: "Judge, what will you be doing after the 4th of March next?"
"Oh," said Mr. Campbell, "I'm going in for the K. F.s."
"What's that?" said his friend.

"You mean to say," said Mr. Campbell, in hot indignation. "that you don't know what K. F.s is? K. F.s is counsel fees. I'm going to be in my law office regular, and that's what I'll be there for—K. F.s. counsel fees."

From the Newspapers-The Large Bug and the Small Potato. From the Harrisburg Telegraph.

the Small Potato.

Pross the Harrisbury Ricgraph.

Ex-Attorney-General Palmer is fond of a joke, and he isn't put out a bit if the joke is on him, just so it is funny. He dresses very neatify, and is not given to jeweiry except in the matter of scarfoins, and an adornment of this character once led to a remark about him that set all Wilkesbarre to laughing. He had purchased a very handsome pin in the shape of a bug, which was of rather large size and pretty conspicuous. It looked like an exaggerated potato bug. His friends guyed him considerably about it, and that scarfpin became the talk of the town. One day a prominent German saloon keeper passed Mr. Palmer as the latter stood at his office door, looked out of the corner of his eye at the scarfpin, and smiled. Instantly the attorney, in his quick, sharp way, said:

"Well, what's the matter with you? What are you laughing at?"

"Oh, nodings, Mr. Balmer."

"Yes you were. You were laughing at this scarfpin. What's the matter with it?"

"Yes you were. You were laughing at this scarfpin. What's the matter with it?"

"Bulles it's all right, Mr. Balmer."

"Well, look at it and see. Is there anything the matter with it? Fammino it."

"The German drow afth, carefully scanned the pin, looked it over very gravely, and was about to turn away, when Mr. Palmer said:

"Well, what's the matter with that bug scarfpin? What do you think?"

"Yell, Mr. Balmer." said the German. "I don'd know but vat I think I never before saw so big a bug on so schmall a potato," and he walked off with a queer grin on his face.

Solicitous About the Bottle.

"I regret to see you with a bottle to your lips," said a pious-looking man to a member of Congross who was taking a nip on a Pullman before retiring.

"Why, may I ask?" Inquired the Congressman, with the fear of a lecture before his eyes.

"Because, sir, there's so little chance of there being any left for me."

The member took care of him, From the Washington Post,

A Matron's Reason. From the Washington Post.

First Lady—What an imperious, dicta-torial, arrogant man that Mr. Yompus is! Second Lady—Yes: you know he has never been married. Where She Had Rheumatism.

From the Philadelphia News.

Death is a solemn matter, and inquests anything but funny. There nevertheless happen in the Coroner's office lacdents that lend a tinge of mirth. A equale of these occurred this morning. One was in investigating the rause of the death of a colored woman named Charlotte Penkert of 522 Dorsey street, who died Dec. 15 of rheumatism of the heart. The husband of the dead woman was on the stand, and was not intelligent. When the Coroner asked him the cause of death, he replied:

plied:
"Heumatism, sah."
"What kind of rheumatism?"
"Oronicle, sah."
"Where was it located?"
"Between Bainbridge and South, sah."

A Good Spirit's First Surprise. From the Philadelphia Record.

St. Peter - Enter. Why do you hesitate? New Spirit - I don't sae any usher. We have to ushers here. Sit there you Please."
Dear me! How different heaven is from a church."

Christman Coming.

From the Westington Peel.

For the husband is a husbanding reserving.

For the Christman best is consider so the first in the second of the first in the second of the first in the second of the seco

Fellows Also.

THEIR WHIMS, WAYS, AND DEEDS.

On every pleasant morning at about 11

LORD FAUNTLEROY" RESPONSIBLE FOR THE COMING OF LONG CURLS. ay Could's Drives with his Daughter-in-law-Why Kato Field Drinks Wine-Mrs. James G. Binine, Jr.-A Fakir's Trick.

clock a good solid eart drawn by two sturdy horses is driven up the comparatively empty length of Fifth avenue and into the Fifty-ninth street entrance of Central Park. A young wo man holds the ribbons, and down at her side in a lower seat, cuddles a little middle-aged man with glittering black eyes, a full beard, and pallid complexion. The young lady is not remarkable in any way, but to the average New Yorker her face is familiar-more so than that of the little man beside her. Well, this is Edith Kingdon Gould driving her father-inlaw. Jay Gould, out for the bracing air of which his delicate health is in constant need. The lady has not changed to any considerable degree since she divided the honors at Daly's Theatre with Ada Rehan. Her face bears the culmer expression of satisfied maternity, and

night and convey the illusion that we had see her there only last week. When we meet her in such delightful domestic sympathy with her father-in-law we cannot help realizing that all marriages such as hers are not necessarily failures. There was a great deal of shoulder-shrugging prediction gratuitously contributed by outsiders when young George Gould took his wife out of a theatre, and the light of precedent cannot in any way be said to have been auspicious for a con-summation of this kind. But all signs fail, and at the present writing the soft star of peace and contentment surely hovers over the house of Gould in both of its branches.

some of the former lustre has gone out of her

brunette coloring; but I imagine she could

step on to Mr. Daly's stage again to-morrow

George Gould and his wife live in a house on Forty-seventh street, just back of their father's, which is on the corner of Fifth avenue. There are two bables, numerous nurses, and a little money to take care of all, and there is your picture of domestic happiness! George goes down town every morning at an early hour after breakfasting with his charming wife. Then Mrs. George sends round to the stables for her horses and cart, dresses herself in a dark, handsome driving costume, and, with the groom perched behind her, whips around the corner to her father-in-law's house, and pulls up before the door with a graceful flourish. Theyfamous millionaire is watching for her from the window. He comes out, wearing a fur-lined overcoat, a faded, low-crowned pot hat, and heavy, bungling gloves. He greets his daughter with as cheery a good morning as though he had no more ponderous duty in the whole world to perform, jumps up into his seat they her her, is tucked in by the alert groom and settles back to enjoy perhaps the pleasantest moments of his whole day. Young Mrs. Gould cuts a circle in the air with her whip lash, gives a little chuck of the tongue, and away go Jay Gould and his son's wife over the stone pavement toward the Park. It all makes a very neat and educating pleture. George Gould and his wife live in a house or

stone pavement toward the Park, It all makes a very neat and educating picture.

Miss Kate Field is paying all her attention to wine. She is a bright woman, as will be recalled, and her brilliance has at times been turned toward writing, acting, and other brainy things. She is just the sort of a woman to be eccentric with her genius. For some time she has been in town, not only drinking wine conspicuously herself, but inducing others to do so. As she is particularly engaging and convincing, her example and argument are rather potent. She is as stylish in dress as ever. The newest costumes look well on her, as of yore, and her manners remain politely vivacious. Church people, to whom she used to lecture, and folks who have formed audiences in the past for her mixed entertainments of song and mimiery, will regret to read that Miss Field has given herself up to intoxicant beverages. But it is so. She is courting the utmost publicity for her indulgence, as well as for her endeavors to lead others into the same sort of drinking. Another genius besotted? Oh, no, not at all. Miss Field's intellect is as clear and well balanced as ever. If she eyer gets tipsy she doesn't show it. Her devotion to wine is a matter of business. She has become a boomer of California wines. It has long been a usage with the French makers of champagne to hirs men of social influence and plausible proclivities to promote the consumption of particular brands. The California wines alter to booming the wines of the Atlantic coast. As her eloquence is concentrated upon claret, a wine not much drank except at meal times, she often deems it necessary to feed the persons whose appetites she desires to direct. Of course the viands that accompany the claret must be of the best, and Miss Field has given a considerable number of fine suppers. The writer doesn't know how successful she is, or how triumphant she is going to be in her Eastern of the proclivities of the far Western vineyard men, but it is certain that she will prove rather a costly apostle

rather a costly anostle of California wine. She is doing the job handsomely, anyhow.

At about 4 o'clock each afternoon the Fifth avenue sidewalks are closely crowded with people who vary in their appearances. A tramp looks more conspicuous there than in any other locality in the city, his tattered and ungraceful outlines obtaining additional grotesqueness from the rich surroundings. "So my eye was caught," says a fair shopper, "by a most ludicrously successful example of the species who edged by me this afternoon as I made my way down town in the teeth of a cold, dusty wind. He was going down, also, and he shambled by me with his frowsy head hanging low, his hands shoved into his awful trousers, and wearing an air of the most fatigued dejection ever conceived. When he got directly ahead of me he stooped and picked a small bit of something from the sidewalk. He hesitated, and examined it, I passed him, and then glanced behind to satisfy myself as to what the man had found. He was nibbling at the man had found hadn't the courage to stop and hunt for small coin, and so I went on down. About four blocks further on the same tramp brushed by me again, and again picked up a piece of bread directly in front of me. I looked around, and there he was nibbling away like a hungry rabbit. But this time I caught the look in his cyes as they peered into mine. It was a game, the had simply toseed the piece of bread shead of him just before passing me in his walk. Nine women out of ten would have stopped and given the fellow a dime niter seeing him est bread picked up from the street. They do it as a rule, and then guess the trick before they get home."

But fellows like this are hardly legitimate tramps. They are "fakira." The regular outand. On the inclination to chase bread crumbs down such a thoroughfare as Fifth avenue.

There is a sudden outburst of Fauntleroy hair. Mrs. B

corner, nothing more. He hasn't the time or the inclination to chase bread crumbs down such a thoroughfare as Fifth avenue.

There is a sudden outburst of Fauntieroy hair. Mra Eurnett's story of the ideal good boy is being enacted on the New York stuge, and every mother of a little son goes to see her own cherub's qualities angelically represented in the drama. Little Lord Fauntieroy, it will be remembered, had abundant long hair hanging about his head and down on his shoulders, with the ends loosely curied into ringlets. It is a style that has for several years been in vogue for children. Now it has been taken up by grown girls and young women. To effect the purpose, the hair is gut so as to reach a little below the shoulders, although a modification of the fashion abbreviates it until it stops at the nape of the nack. A finity bang covers nearly the whole of the forehead. The Fauntieroy coffure seems suitable enough, and is apt to be handsome on any head under twenty although condemnable for its showiness when worn in the street. For the home, and even on indicor occasions of general assemblage, it is an agreeable sight; but when displayed in Broadway, and particularly if the hair be palpably bleached to a bright yellow, there is a suggestion that a Circassian girl has escared from a dime museum. To produce the abundance of hair demanded for the Fauntleroy style false tressee very often have to be added, and in extreme cases an entire wig is donned. Suggestion that a Circassian girl has escared from a dime museum. To produce the abundance of hair demanded for the Fauntleroy style false tressee very often have to be added, and in extreme cases an entire wig is donned. Suggestion that a Circassian girl has escared from a fine museum. To produce the abundance of hair demanded for the Fauntleroy style false tressee very often have to be added, and in extreme cases an entire wig is donned. Suggestion that a contain the part of the formation of the fast of the occan just a Fauntleroy to the same using that for the

make a wild appeal to men to discourage their sisters, their cousins, and their sunts from making themselves hideous and their sex

sisters, their cousins, and their sunts from making themselves bideous and their sex ridiculous."

Whether James G. Blaine goes into the Cabinst or not, his name with "Mra." before it and "Jr." after it will be possed throughout the country. This young Mra. Blaine, who it beins made into a star actress at the rate of four hours a day by David Belasco of the Lyceum Behool of Acting, will not, it is safe to ear, disappoint the anxious world in the matter of personal appearance or style. Her beauty, like that of all women, is, naturally, a matter of taste. But I'll tell you what she's like. She is a rail, stately, square-shouldered girl of 22, Her hair is a natural and decided blond. There is none of the straw-hued vulgarness of dye and dissipation about this hair, its tint being of that honest delicacy often admired in well-pulled molasses candy. The girl's eyes are blue, and they wear an expression of alertness mingied with invulnerable confidence. The nose is regular, the mouth thin, straight set, and, shall, we say, cold? I think we will.

A few years ago Marie Nevins—Mrs. James G. Blaino, Jr.—was one of the most purely delicious things that ever lived. She promised to be as lovely and as brilliant as any woman in the country. But it is not always possible to predict the noon of a bright morning, and today a disinterested person would not select any ornate superialives to describe this next famous actress of America. She will light up handsomely, her features may come out with fine effectiveness, and year may be positive that her manner of dressing will be actually stunning. But she will lack the clean, silvery exquisiteness of Mary Anderson just as much as she will the name of dressing will be actually stunning. But she will lack the clean, silvery exquisiteness of Mary Anderson just as much as she will the name of the subject of the actually stunning and to-day of discounts of the subject of the study of the actual propers. The subject of the subject of the study of the actual propers of the subject of the s

HER COLOR HER CHIEF CHARM.

The Lovely Complexions of New York Girls-Where They Come From.

"There is at least one characteristic by which the New York girl may be distinguished above her sisters," said a manager of social entertainments whose views have heretofore been accepted by THE SUN. He is a ubiquitous, but calm and businesslike person, who attends to the details of society events. He receives the guests, arranges the carriage lists, orders the supper, and manages all the minor details; but his chief duty is to stand at the door on the occasion of an entertainment and ward off the rush of outsiders who invariably attack any exclusive event in New York city. It is his business to know society and its doings, and his opinions are usually regarded as accurate by observers.

"There is a certain smallness of feature," he said. "which at one time threatened to mark them from the rest of womankind of America, but this characteristic has long since disappeared. Small, even, and regular profiles are common enough with us yet. I am glad to say, but after all the one thing that distinguishes the New York girl above everything else is her beautiful 'complexion'. It is the reign of the radiant skin. Girls of England and Ireland have very showy skins as a rule. They are red and white, and both colors are extreme. There is little blending, and the effect is attractive if at times somewhat theatrical. It comes largely from the outdoor life of the women, as well as the soft and suncless climate of Great Britain. It is so moist there that American women who have not been distinguished by good complexions over here find their color increasing in vividness and beauty after a residence in England, but this color even at its best is somewhat coarse. The texture of the skin is rough, and if the girl has passed her sixteenth year she looks too buxom and heavy for the standard of ideal beauty. The type is admirably illustrated by the barmaids of London, who are after all the prettiest Englishwomen of the island. They are usually described as big, bouncing, and beety.

With a New York girl the health and radiancy of the skin is achieved without the roughness which distinguishes her transatlantic sister. Let me give you an illustration. Miss Mabel Wright is probably the belle of New York at the present day. Miss Marian Langdon is a more stately beauty, but she has been so long absent that her beautiful and amiable face has almost passed out the recollection of the great body of New Yorkers. Miss May Brady was a brisk rival of Miss Wright, but as she has since married and disappeared on a long wedding tour with her husband. Mr. Stevens, Miss Wright is left as the salning representative of what a New York girl is 6t her very best.

"The first and most striking characteristic beauty with a left as the should be a striken which weight is her great good health. are common enough with us vet. I am glad to

she has since married and disappeared on a long wedding four with her husband. Mr. Stevens, Miss Wright is left as the saining representative of what a New York girl is at her very best.

"The first and most striking characteristic about Miss Wright is her great good health. She is the picture of robust young womanhood. She is well rounded and graceful without being plump, and the effects of constant horseback riding, tennis playing, beasing, and walking are shown in every movement of her supple and athietic form. More than this, the effect is visible in the beautiful color of her skin. It is pure white, with a delicate tinting of red, and vividity scarlet lips. Everywhere, even around the neck, at the back of her hair, and over the shoulders, when Miss Wright is in evening dress, there is the same beautiful glow of perfect health. When she blushes, and she blushes easily, the color mounts to her check first, and then slowly tints her neck as the blush dies away.

"There is no art that can achieve anything of this port, and yet it has been achieved by methods that are entirely within the command of any girl in town. To be sure Miss Wright's features are admirable, but her features would not gain her the passport to the position in society she now enjoys without a beautiful figure and a radiant ekin. She is a lair type of the New York girl.

"Of late there has been a craze for exercise here which has no parallel elsewhere in the world. New York girls are the most perfectly groomed women to be found anywhere, for they have mastered their hobby, even to the smallest detail of attire. An Englishwoman often has a strong, robust, and 'horsey' look. The effect, in all likelihood, will be marred by a pair of huge boots or lib-fitting gloves. The pair of huge boots or lib-fitting gloves. The office, in all likelihood, will be marred by a pair of huge boots or lib-fitting gloves. The sheet will be seen the series of boautiful terfectly developed and thorouginly athletic girls, who are clad with a degree of enugness and n

A Senator Appoints his Wife his Sec From the St. Louis Glabo Democrat.
WASHINGTON, Dec. 15.—Since the adoptio

Washington, Dec. 15.—Since the adoption of Senator Butler's resolution authorizing each Senator not Chairman of a committee to appoint a clerk for his own use at a perdiem of \$6 a day while Congress is in session it has been quite common for sons of Senators to hold tress positions, but it is a new departure for a Senator to appoint his wite his private secretary or clerk, and it remained for a Southwestern Senator to set the examine. Secretary Netcock of the Senate holds that the appointment of these private secretaries by Somators is a matter personal to the Senator, notwithstanding the pay for the service comes out of the public Treasury, and he refuses to permit any inspection of the list or to impart any informatice on the subject. Still it is difficult even for Senators who desire to keep the names of their crivate secretaries secret to accomplish it, as in the ordinary course of business the relations

necessarily become known to different persons in justification of the Southwestern Benator's selection it is said that his wife is an experience of the said that she habitually attends to much of his correspondence. As she performs the labor, it is contended that she ought to receive the compensation that is provided therefor.

A QUEEN ON AN OREGON RANCH. Young, Clever, and Rich, But She is Not

Boing to Marry Just Yet, San Francisco, Dec. 22.-On Impahi Creek, about forty miles from the frontier town of La Grange, in eastern Oregon, lives a handsome girl just out of her teens, who is fast win-ning same and fortune. She is Imnaha Wilwoman, formerly a member of Chief Joseph's band. The father died four years ago, leaving a large ranch and some 5,000 cattle and horses to her care. Since then she has increased her herds by over 1.000 head, and has also sold over \$20,000 worth of stock. T. C. Henderson

herds by over 1,000 head, and has also sold over \$20,000 worth of stock. T. C. Henderson of La Grange, who is now in this city, talked to a reporter about this girl to-day, saying:

"What Miss Williams has accomplished astoniahes everybody in eastern Oregon, and there is a great deal said about her successes. The Immaha Creek ranch is more than twenty miles from any road, and to get to it one must make his way over a trail across a spur of the Blue Mountains. There is no sign of any habitation anywhere, and it is not till you have travelled more than a dozen miles and reached the erest of the mountains that you come in sight of a smiling valley, ten miles long and seven or eight wide. It is here that this young girl has her amail principality. She owns all the water rights and all the land by first location, and here she is fast getting rich. Travelling on down the grade, you catch sight of a neat log house, just on the edge of the stream. Around it are some pretty patches of flowers and a garden, and just back of the house, about 500 yards away, is a large corral. Everything is in perfect order.

The girl's mother is in ill health and is seldom seen. Two Germans employed by Miss Immaha take care of the stock, but she is her own superintendent and takes the whole management of the ranch upon herself. She rides like a Tartar chief, and there are few of the masculine sex who know more about stock than she does. She was educated at the convent in Portland, and it is estimated she is worth about \$200,000.

When she took hold of the ranch it was not worth \$50,000, but the rise in real estate throughout the eastern part of the State and her management have quadrupled the value of the property.

Already she is the queen of Oregon stock.

Already she is the queen of Oregon stock growers, and has many sultors, but to all she declares that she does not care to marry. She, however, enjoys their society, and at all the entertainments at La Grange she is the reigning attraction.

HERE'S A GIRL OF GRIT.

All Alone She Carries the United States Mail Over a Wild Oregon Waste.

EUGENE, Ore., Dec. 22 .- The pluckiest girl in Oregon is Miss Minnie Westman of Eugene. She carries the United States mail from the head of the Suislaw River up the Coast Range to Haie, a distance of twenty miles. There she meets her father, who carries the mall by stage further on. This twenty miles which every day Miss Westman traverses is the wildest region of Oregon. It is right in the heart of the rugged Cascade Range and is inhabited by bears, cougars, panthers, and mountain lions. These do not intimidate the brave girl, however. She a pistol with her. Minnie is lively, and, of course, she is good looking. Once, while climb ing the heights toward Hale from the Suislaw. a great big bear stood up in the road in front of her and sniffed the air. Minnie happened to be looking the other way and did not see him

of her and sniffed the air. Minnie happened to be looking the other way and did not see him, but her horse did, and, wheeling suddenly in fear, he throw her off. When she got up she saw the bear. He was not forty feet away. She turned, recaptured her horse, and mounted him, and with much difficulty pressed him past the bear, who stood and blinked and looked ugly at her. She rode fast, got through, and made the upcoming stage all right.

Another time she was riding along the Suislaw River, with her mall sack fiapping against her horse's side, when she saw a huge catamount stealing along the great limb of an overhanging tree. She had almost got up to the limb when she saw the catamount. At once she backed away from the tree and fired her pistol. Three times she shot before the catamount would budge, but then the cat fell. He got away by hiding in the brush at the roadsint he shape of two tramps. They were tired, they said, and would like her horse to ride. A glimpse at her shining gun convinced them that they didn't want any horse, and they made tracks in a hurry.

The worst experience she ever had, however, was one day in July last. She spied a pretty little black oub just at the elbow of the Suislaw, where the steepest part of the up-grade commenced. If you know what an old bear is that has cubs you know what this girl knew at once, that they are not pleasant customers to meet. She ran away as fast as she could, boing dragued by the horse, who needed no encouragement, and who came near wresting the hitching-strap from her. Luckly she was not followed. Miss Westman has had a number of other adventures, but has always managed to get out of them in good shape. She makes this lonely twenty miles alone every day, and has got to like the excitement of it.

FURS WORTH MILLIONS.

New York is a Great Market, Though London and Leipzig are Ahead. Since John Jacob Astor, the elder, made his vast fortune in the fur trade, the business of collecting, buying, preparing, and selling furs has become one of the great industries of this country. Millions upon millions of dollars are alone, which is the principal market of the

country, and its importance is increasing. London and Leinzig, however, are the two great markets of the world. The prices that obtain in the former city are the standards by which fur dealers all over the civilized world are governed. Every March fur dealers from all the big cities of the world gather in London at the auction sales of the great commission houses, and millions of dollars' worth of all kinds of furs are then disposed of. These sales occur also in November and January. American dealers and manufacturers buy nearly all their furs then. Said a fur importer who had just returned from the November sules:

returned from the November sales:

"London still holds the lead in the dysing and preparing of sealskins; but Leipzig is ahead on all the black-dyod furs. The prices of furs have not changed much from those of last season. The most expensive, as usual, is sea otter, and I saw some sold at £150 for a skin. That is the jobbing price, too. It was Siberian otter. Silver fox skins are very expensive also, and brought as high as £80. The other popular furs this season are Russian white hare, dyed silver and black, and sealskin. Beaver's popularity is decidedly on the wane.

American manufacturers are placed at a great disadvantage, because they have to import all the line furs after they are dyed. That compels them to pay 20 per cent, duty. If the methods of dyeing and dressing were as good in this country as they are abroad this duty would be saved, as there is no duty on the raw skins. Fortunes have been sunk in the attempt to improve our methods, but it is said that the difficulties lie in our air and water.

It may interest the ladies who are anxious to possess sealskin clooks to know that the best are obtained from the seals of the South Sea, and not from the Alaska animais, as is polularly supposed. The Alaska skins are very fine, however, and not nearly so high priced. The poorest are secured around Cape Horn, and these are used almost entirely for caps and gloves. It pays the customer to go to a firsteless dealer and pay an honest price. Dishonest dealers resort to a great many little tricks, which only an expert can discover. One of these is to palm off skunk as sable.

While foreigners are able to boast superiority in dyes, the American manufacturers can claim the lead in making and flaishing. An English-made sealskin clook looks coarse and bangling when compared with the American. This is true also of the cut and style.

the Should Have Luck. A tall, well dressed, and rather dignified

lady was watching for an opportunity to cross West street at the Pavonia ferry one afternoon recently, and when the chance at last appeared she stepped lithely into a clear space momen tarily opened among the trucks, wagons, and horse cars that thronged the thoroughfare. She had crossed about half the street when the stream of vehicles began again to move, and at that critical moment the lady stopped, with her eyes fixed upon the muddy pavement and her hand peremptorily waving back drivers who seemed disposed to run over her. Most of the truckmen swore as they pulled up their teams, but all stopped, supposing that the lady had dropped her purso. With the utmost deliberation she stooned and picked out of the gutter a large and very dirry horseshoe, which she placed, all dripping, in her handbag. A shout of uncontrollable laughter went up from the spectators. A truckman roared: Oh, you'll have luck; there's no doubt about you," all the drivers cheered and an efferty gentlement beside earnestly but vainly for the horseshoe, sauring its finder that a person of her cotermination was tolerably extain to be lucky with or without it. tarily opened among the trucks, wagons, and

AT LUNCH WITH GLADSTONE.

HIS VIEWS ON THE RESULT OF THE NOTEMBER ELECTION.

Thinks Free Trade Would Increase Wages in America-The Irish-American Vote-Chumberlain Versus Depow. On my way home from England I met Col. John Atkinson, a prominent lawyer of De-

troit, who has the Irish cause very much at heart and has spent a vacation of a couple of months in close association with the leaders of the Home Rule party in the British Parliament. Col. Atkinson gives the following interesting account of a conversation with Mr. Gladstone, in which the great Liberal leader expressed himself freely in regard to the issues of the late Presidential election in this country.

"Through the kindness of the Dowager Lady Sandburst," said Col. Atkinson, "I was invited o lunch with Mr. and Mrs. Stuart Rendell at the old mansion of Robert Poel in Whitehall Gardens. The guests were Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone, Mr. Herbert Gladstone, Lady Sandhurst, Sir James Carmichael, and a few others whose names escape me. We were scated at a round table in the spacious dining room, which looks

Sir James Carmichael, and a few others whose names escape me. We were scated at a round table in the spacious dining room, which looks out upon the gardens botween the house and the Victoria embankment. The view is charming. One would fancy himself in the country among trees and hills rather than in the very heart of the great city.

"I had been told that Mr. Gladstone might be present, for no one presumes to hold him to any fixed engagement, so absorbing are his duties. Mrs. Gladstone and her sons came in with the other guests. A vacant chair upon my left remained unoccupied during the first course. Mr. Gladstone came in with a light, quick sten, and passed around the table, shaking hands with all. I was, apparently, the only stranger to be introduced. He took his seat beside me, and opened the conversation by asking it I left America before or since the election. He was looking more like a man of 65 than one approaching 30. He wore an old-fashioned black Prince Albert, a necktie of black relieved by color, and light-colored trousers. His face is familar to all from his pictures, but they fail to indicate the intense animation of his face. He seems youthful in all his ways. He inquired about the campaign in America, and particularly whether the fisheries treaty had entered very largely into the discussions before the people. I ventured the opinion that, while it was often mentioned, it played no great part.

"Do you think?" he asked, 'that protection and free trade formed the issue?

"I said' Yee."

"I said' Yee."

"I was for protection."

"He expressed some surprise that protection should have such a hold upon Americana, but said: 'I never argue with a man from another country about affairs which are purely domestic. Every nation must judge for itself what is best for itself. But what was the chief argument for protection?

"I said: The main argument was that free trade would cripple our industries, deprive us of our home market, and compel us, in competing with Europe, to reduce wages to the standard of Euro

tive notions.'
"I answered, 'We are young, If any man
"I answered, we use young, We may adopt ould convert us you could. We may slopt your system by and by when we are ready to compete with you on equal terms.

"I will take the promise, but tell me how did the Republicans get the Irish vote?"

"I said the Irish vote was still largely Democratic.
"Are you cartain of the?"

I said the Irish vote was still largely Democratic.

"Are you certain of that?"

"Yes, sir; I think the Republicans did not get to exceed 25 per cent. of the Irish votera.'

"He expressed his surprise and said: 'In England it was generally supposed the Irish people went over in a body to the Republicans. But, are the Irish protectionists?"

"I told him many of them drew from their own history the conclusion that, as England crushed the industries of Ireland by force, she might accomplish the same thing by free trade in America. This led him to the subject of Grattan's Parliament. 'When,' he said, 'it is conceded Ireland advanced rupidly, and yet, so conceding, there are people who argue against home rule. How do the Americans feel toward Ireland?"

home rule. How do the Americans feel toward Ireland?

"All parties sympathize with your efforts for Ireland. Both of the great parties expressed their sympathies in their platforms.

"Yes, he said, 'Mr. Depew, a most intelligent gentleman, told me twelve out of every thirteen Americans were with us. But Mr. Chamberlain came home from Weshington and said he found no one not against us. Which is right?"

"Mr. Depewis right."

"And how, said he, 'do the Irish-Americans feel toward us?"

"The irish-Americans.' I said, 'feel very differently toward England now from the way they once felt. You have won the hearts of the Irish people, not merely for yourself, but for your country."

"I hope so,' he added. 'The Irish people have suffered untold abominations at our hands. I believe implicitly in Irish honor and Irish hearts, All they want is justice. Do you think many Irishmen of means would return to Ireland and replace the capital which the Tories allege would be withdrawn in case of home rule?"

"I said the old land was very dear to the

to Ireland and replace the capital which the Tories allege would be withdrawn in case of home rule?

"I said the old land was very dear to the race, and many would return to educate their children and spend their declining years among their own people.

"He said: I am glad to hear you say so. It has seemed to me as if it must be so."

"Mr. Gladstone said he took a great interest in the two republics, the United States and France, 'the one our race neighbor, the other our place neighbor. As to your country,' he said. I know its influence will be in favor of peace. As to France, i see no reason why we should ever quarrel. There is some friction in Egypt, but we want to leave Egypt. Even the Tories do not care to stay there, and the Liberals want to leave it. I wish,' said Mr. Gladstone, 'some great man would study carefully and give us a book on the social life of America, we have had no such books. De Tocqueville gave us the political character of America, but no one has treated its social life as it should be. "It was apprecabing the time when the House meets. Mr. Gladstone arose, shook hands warmly, and left me feeling that I had been listening to the voice of one who stands foremost among the statesmen of the earth and whose fame will grow as the years roll on. "I do not pretend to give all he said, but you have my recollection."

ECZEMA CAN BE CURED.

The most agentsing, humiliating, tiching, scaly, and burning Eczemas are cured by the Cutteura Remedies, when physicians and all other remedles fall.

I have been efficied since last March with a skin dis-ease the doctors called Ecrems. My face was covered with scale and sores, and the itching and burning were almost unbearable. Heeing your CUTICURA REME-DIES so highly recommended, I concluded to give them a trial, using the CUTICURA and CUTICURA SOAP exter-nally, and RESOLVENT internally for four months. It call myself cured, in gratitude for which I make this public statement. Ura CLARA A FREDERICE.

CUTICURA REMEDIES are the greatest remedies on earth. Had the worst case of East Rheum in this country. Hy mother had it twenty years and in fact died from it. I beliave CUTICURA would have saved her life. My arms, breast, and head were covered for three years, which nothing relieved or cured until I used the CUTICUBA RESOLVENT. J. W. ADAMS, Newark, O.

Eczema Three Years Cared.

Eczema on Baby Cured. My baby has been troubled with Eczema on his face, neck, head, cars, and entire body. He was one mass of scabs, and we were obliged to tis his hands to prevent his scratching. I have spent dollars on remedies without effect, but after using one box CUTICUBA and one

cake of GUTICURA SOAP the child is entirely cared. I cannot thank you enough for them.
F. W. BEOWS.

12 Mull st., Brooklyn, E. D., N. Y. Eczema on Hands Cured.

Two years and a half ago Salt Shoum broke out on my right hand. It appeared in white blisters attended by terrible itching, and gradually spread until it covered the entire back of the hand. The disease next appeared on my left hand. I tried many remedies, but could find no cure until I obtained the CUTICURA REMEDIES, which effected a speedy and permanent cure. JAMES P. KEARNEY,

254 Wood avenue, Detrois Soid everywhere. Price, CUTICUIA, 50c.; SOAF Erc., EVS/ILVEST, St. Prevared by the POTTLA DIUG AND CHIMICAL CA., Desicus Ass. 230 cent for "Low to Cur. Blat. Dicease." in page. 6 illustrations, and lost estimates.

BABY'S CUTICURA MEDICATED SOAP. STRAINS, PAINS
In the Back, Kidneys, Wig. Sidney or Obers
Anti-Pain Planting to the Contract
Anti-Pain Planting Contract
Anti-Pain Planting Contract
Anti-Pain Planting Contract
Anti-Pain Planting Contract
Anti-Pain Planting